

sister, young and fair! Silk on her back, and gaudy flowers in her hat. Let her "paint an inch thick," and this fog will destroy the color. She also is drinking gin!

Our three new comers were evidently not *habitués* of the place, and their arrival caused no little excitement.

(To be continued.)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

With the permission of DIOGENES, I wish to say a few words in reply to "A. B."

The short article on the Celts, which appeared in the *Scotsman*, I wrote without reference to any book, from what I supposed to be an exact recollection of information which I had gathered from various sources.

I knew that opinion was divided as to the place of the Basque in the great sisterhood of languages, as it is also divided in the matter of the Gaelic and Cymric,—some claiming that these languages are cognate; others, that they are distinct. In a popular newspaper article I could not enter into these details. So following De Gebelin, and the whole French Academy,—following a multitude to do evil, according to Father Hervas,—I admitted the Basque into what I thought tolerably good,—that is,—Celtic society. It is a pity Mr. Müller has not given us the reasons which led Father Hervas to conclude "that Bask was not, as is commonly supposed, a Celtic dialect." The words which "A. B." has italicised, "*as proved by the names of Spanish mountains and rivers*," can only refer to the Bask "being spoken by the earliest inhabitants of Spain," as any argument based on mere similarity of sound is contrary to Mr. Müller's avowed principles of philological enquiry. W. Humboldt held the same theory as to the great antiquity of the Basques and the wide prevalence of their language in the peninsula. But James Kennedy, who is a better authority on the Basques, their language and literature, than any of these, says that "there are but few names so derived, and these chiefly along the coast." Mr. Kennedy also thinks "that the Aquitani and the Iberi were the same people, and are now represented by the Gail."

My own knowledge of Basque is very limited, indeed, being confined to a few words—about half a dozen. Of these, however, I find three, which, to a philologist, may shew some degree of cousinhood with the Gaelic. "Cal" is the Basque, and "call" is the Gaelic for "loss," "damage." "Ar" is the Basque; "fear" is the Gaelic for "man." "Car" or "gar" is the Basque; "ard" is the Gaelic for "high." It must be remembered, in comparing these two last sets of words, that in the Celtic, as in many other languages, the omission or permutation of the initial consonant is quite common, as I could prove, if space were allowed me, by abundant instances. The Greek scholar will recall the obliging versatility of the digamma, and the Hebraist will remember that "Amalek" and "Gomorrhah" begin in the original with the same letter.

I regret to be obliged to concede that "the last old woman" who spoke Cornish is no more. I hope the inscription on her monument has been written in that dialect,—which must have been a rather lonely comfort to her in her declining years. I hope, also, that these *post mortem* enthusiasts will take Mr. Matthew Arnold's advice about the language of Wales, before they have a similar melancholy duty to perform in that Principality.

JOHN READE.

A RICHMOND IN THE—SHOP.

DIOGENES has learned with some concern, that through the defection of a single retail druggist, the movement for the early closing of the drug stores at seven o'clock, has been knocked on the head. The Cynic, sincerely hopes the public will visit the miserable dispenser with the pains and penalties due to inordinate Gradgrindism. Why does not the Secretary of the Chemists' Association, come out boldly with the name of the malcontent?

DERBY.

One more great man!—another link that bound
This teeming present with the mighty past;
A golden link, of rich and priceless work,
Hardly in keeping with this iron age.
Great as a statesman? No! for scarce an act
Of evil righted or of wrongs redressed
Lives on the statute book and bears his name.
Great as a noble? Yes! supremely great;
A well-known lineage of historic names
Dating from Bosworth Field,—from him who first
Raised up a Tudor on the British throne.
God gave him wealth, a gift he nobly used
In bounteous *largesse* to the struggling poor.
His was the love of art,—of classic song;—
The old Greek numbers of Homeric age
Found in his hands no mean interpreter:
He loved his order,—strove to keep it pure
From little meannesses of modern time;
But chiefly will he live in history's page
With Halifax and Chatham, and the school
Of mighty orators now passed away.
Who that has ever heard that fluent tongue
Roused into eloquence by passing wrong,
The flashing eye, the music of his tones,
The withering taunt whene'er ignoble things
Have called it up,—the gesture of the sort
That sculptors love in memory to recall,—
Who that has seen all this and did not feel
The influence of greatness of that stamp
Which clings to true nobility of heart?

"ULYSSES" WRITES FROM "ITHACA" TO THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.—

"Suppose Canada to become Independent, and suppose her Independence to be afterward threatened by the aggressive ambition of any foreign power,—no Englishman would vote more heartily than I should for risking the fortunes, and, if it were needful, the existence of the Empire in her defence."

Thank you, Mr. Goldwin Smith! Such assurances are very gratifying, but when DIOGENES considers that you are now living on this side of the Atlantic, and have not, and indeed, never had a vote in the British Parliament, he does not think that "the existence of the Empire" is likely to be jeopardized by your exuberant friendship.

Reader, did you ever peruse or witness Tom Taylor's admirable comedy of "Still Waters Run Deep?" John Mildmay, a retired Manchester merchant, is a perfect nonentity in his own house. He, his wife, and all the household affairs, are entirely managed by Mrs. M.'s maiden aunt. John takes all this very quietly till, one day, he is rather startled by the lady in question asking him to fight a duel, on her account! He replies: "If I am to have no authority, I could not think of taking any responsibility. If I am to be a cipher, I claim the privilege of acting as a cipher."

The Cynic is rather afraid that, under similar circumstances, England would act very like John Mildmay.